

# The Hitman

## Queen

[Chorus]:

Call me the hitman, it's kinda hard, ain't it?  
What most feared to become in the game, we became it  
So I painted a masterpiece of an industry tainted  
It's not a lip of grass, so it's graphic, frame it  
The hitman, say it again, the hitman  
The hitman, uh, say it again, say, say it  
Some people say I'm extreme, broadcast a beam live through a meme  
Screaming as Jimmy Iovine, as corrupt as Don King  
Boxed into the ghetto, so be champ with the bling  
Industry's the arena, the internet is the ring  
You train audible Queens, to sling music to fiends?  
Then Def Jam, supreme team, the same thing  
Except more critical now, it's digital cocaine  
The goal to control every individual brain  
Like, Cadillacs for contracts in the sixties  
Now it's rap 'til you sixty, for contract 360  
The trick, switch the degrees with the three sixes  
Artists are left with zero, you know who received the riches  
Which is the reason why there's only a few moguls  
Globally, the pioneers are left in a chokehold  
Enough to make the individual go postal  
Watching these old folks get fucked for they vocals  
[Chorus] If you are not performing fellatio for radio rotation  
What's the ratio for radio play at your station?  
If your not paying to play, the record is dead  
Puts a whole new spin on radio head/Radiohead  
They got a thousand plays a week and we selling the same units (uh)  
Put they best rep up, they couldn't stand next to it (woo)  
People wanna relate, they wanna connect to it  
Here's a lyrical check, is this enough for you to flex to it, huh?  
Or do you need more clues?  
Should I be more black? Will that change your view?  
Should I die my hair blonde? Should my eyes be blue? (come on)  
Just a couple of questions I mustered up for you (uh)  
But these eleven and half shoes, you can't fill those  
I made head lines/headlines like corduroy pillows  
And probably get banned from television and marketing  
Targeting music industry politics, provoking it  
[Chorus] The hit (\*gunshot\*), man, it's kinda hard  
Let's release sex tapes, so we can become stars  
Nude photographs of titties and asses

Increase our buzz, impress the masses (uh)  
I thought she was supposed to be so passive  
Now you just another ass in the air with an asterisk  
Cell phone songs, you will never be classic  
You sold your soul, they call that remastering  
B, why does it have to be so drastic?  
Chemical skin peel, makes the song more plastic  
Follow the program man, stick to the clap-tics  
Twelve to eighteen, you know the demographics  
These kids want popcorn, they want slapstick  
Probably the chorus goes tisket, tasket  
But I'm not willing to risk it and mask it (come on)  
This might take a couple of listens for you to grasp it  
The hit (\*gunshot, body drops\*)

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